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August 2019

On the Benches in the Park

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "On the Benches in the Park" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1306.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1306

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On the Benches in the Park.

Sung by R. G. KNOWLES.

In the dusk of evening, if you want a lark,
Come and take a ramble; come with me to the park.
Come and watch the ladies—each one with her spark,
Come and see the pairs canoodling on the benches in the Park.

On the Benches in the Park, she will stroke his face,
He kisses hers, and the silly thing purrs—
“You can do it again in the very same place!”
And if kisses make the world go round,
I'll venture to remark
There's a rotary force, of some ten million force,
On the Benches in the Park.

When a little 'Liza cleans her face and hands,
In her Sunday costume she makes towards the “Bands,”
Mr. Tommy Atkins she meets ere it's dark,
And the pair will squat them down upon the Benches in the Park.

On the Benches in the Park, when no one's about,
There they will spoon, 'neath the grinning old moon,
And see says she'll come back on her next “Sunday out.”
When she gets home her Missus shrieks—makes a rude remark
The girl “does a faint”—she forgot the wet paint
On the Benches in the Park.

If you want excitement—Romance in real life,
Watch the man who's married—with the girl who's not his wife.
See the missus spot them—Hear the husband bark!
There's a novel in three volumes on—the Benches in the Park.

On the Benches in the Park, Lucy says “My Dear!
With you by my side, I'd stay here till I died!”
But the man rings the bell and says “Now then you clear!”
So you rise, and then your clothes you brush
Ere it gets too dark,
Or you'll take away more than you bargained for
From the Benches in the Park.